46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

November 29 1906.

My Violet.

Would have written to you on Friday with pleasure. But the Friday Club. Vienna birthday isn't till 30th May. We shall have plenty of time to feel inspired. I have been driving with Nelly in the Motor Car all the afternoon. & writing Rot. & corresponding with Lowes Green, & letting huge

lumps & manuscript from
Madge Vaughan which has
round me like a learned Pig
(makes that sentence clear, as
I say to my class, to which I
so pis contend -) & Emily to
Mrs. Ellis engaged to
marry Bernard Darwin, —
Lamb portrait is finished
& this Xmas.

And now I must go —

Catch my Bus.

NYPL

So glad about the Cromer baby & Blackie coming back!

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

1906

My Violet.

It doesn't matter when you come - But we have had that Macarthy has postponed his paper till the Friday after, — Miss Fletcher's put off till then. But do come both times all the same, if it won't bore you. You had better make Lamb's

So glad about the Crona baby
Is Blanche coming back?

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

1906

Dearest Violet.

It doesn't matter when you come - But we have heard that Macarthy has postponed his paper till the Friday after, when Miss Fletcher is put off till then. But do come both times all the same, if it won't bore you. You had better make Lamb's

46, Gordon Square
Bloomsbury.

acquaintance in a friendly way
before hearing the debate.
I have a great deal to NYPL talk for
about; about my paper knife -
about a talk I had with Herbert
Fisher - & various other things.
Besides I have 2 printed articles
to give you to add to your
Amiga collection of the early works of
Adeline V. S. But I am
racing to Morley. I have just
written to J.M. Kelly M.P. - it
looks so natural he might have
had it in the cradle - I can't

no agains anyone better fitted to represent his country. Really it is a great mercy he is in, & I hope it means that his luck will turn in other ways too.

The editor of the Guardian (now Mrs. L.) has sent me 7 volumes of poetry & tragedy to review!

Dont tell the Quaker: but I can retaliate now with the Hibbert Journal. At least I never wrote for that. Paper Knife send his love, & say it is a hand worked place pour'va sent his to: & poets print on very woolly paper

April 1906

at Mrs Turners.

Guggleswick.

Settle

Yorkshire

Monday.

My Violet,

When you write you only use a few baths, & mis address your letter, & make hieroglyphs – so what is the use of pretending that we can correspond? I have all the work to do; look at this sheet – I've never had such a one in the house, nor is there a single pen in Burnham whose constitution would last the strain of covering it.

This is how I write to the Quaker, which I did for an Easter Sunday penance. I came here on Thursday: I am in lodgings,

I am 10 minutes walk from the Vaughans
Nana comes I think on Saturday: we
shall both go back together probably on
Wednesday, in order to be at Morley,
D— the place.
I had the kiss & Solitary: read & write
& eat my meal, & walk out upon the
moor, & have tea with Madge. & talk
to her; & then dine alone & read my
book, which I might be doing now if
I weren't writing to you.
There is a discreet elderly person called
Mrs. Turner who waits on me, & provides
meals when ever I want them; I had
sausages for dinner last night. But
she is taciturn, & has a family somewhere
Downstairs. When I want my bath I
stand in the hall & shout for it; &
a man answers. Mrs. Turner is gone below
Miss. In the morning she brings a tray

like a child's coffin to my room, which she calls 'it'. Coffins are neither sex, but strictly impersonal.

There is a Greek austerity about my life which is beautiful & might be thought into a bas relief. Can one imagine that I never wash, or do my hair, but slide with gigantic strides over the wild moorside, shouting Odes of Pindar, as I leap from crag to crag, & exulting in the air which buffets me, & caresses me, like a stern but affectionate parent! That is Stephen Brontesaid; almost as good as the real thing.

Nessa has not written to day, & I am suffering a variety of horrors: motor car accidents & elopements with the Bishop of Ripon. I had one letter, in which she said it was her fate to meet B. sons, but they seemed to her fainted., she hoped her hadn't noticed. But if she turns her face away, & holds her skirts about her feet, even a Bison will turn, I felt her. Otherwise she sounded happy: & had started the picture, & thinks he makes a splendid subject.

Otherwise I have not read a paper, or received any attention. It is a very odd

perpetually recurring Society here; old creatures
who & are semi-official, & middle aged
Spinsters, who drop in for tea. Madge is
a charming woman; full of theories &
Emotions, & innumerable questions, like a
child & I, but I like being with her,
& somehow, odd & unexpected though it is,
We get on very well together.
She took me to see a Master & his wife today,
who are the intellect of Giggleswick; rain
& Neuralgia by long whom the moors; to
Grow crabbed & stiff, & call it originality.
I know the kind! She offered to lend me
her bicycle to bicycle 16 miles to see a
River "green like a Cornish sea"; (& her
Carpet ha-ha!!) & then presented me
with 2 volumes of poetry who killed
herself. However, I am what Madge
calls "Filogal"; & will call something
else to write horrid details to you.
I feel slightly melancholy & undomesticated;
Nor can I write well; & altogether mine is
a Case that needs affection & Sympathy.
Why did you steal away to Bonham, & never
ask me to come & see you? Why does
the Vile Woman Crum Coil heavily in the hot
Ember of your heart? And why dont you
write me a letter in which all these things are
explained. Then I will tell you all about the Moors
Yours.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

1906?

Tuesday.

My Violet.

Are you back, or where are you? Would you like me to come & see you one afternoon. I think I have seen the tip of your long tail only twice since you came back. However, don't bother if you are overwhelmed. I am sorry that your brother didn't get in. But politics

make dry days; Jack has been
here; put on his leg before the
fire & asks us if we think
about the great questions Over
time - Chinese Labour & Protection!
& comes to the conclusion that the
young generation is materialistic.

What news of Beatrice & the
Baby?

Mrs Lyttelton came to tea
the other day: with Traill!
I went to a dance last
night, & found a dim corner

where I sat & read In Memoriam.
Whilst Nessa danced every dance
till 2.30. I had one argument
about the Roman Empire –
for wh I am not successful.

Aunt Fisher was there also,
in another corner, embracing old
friends & shedding quiet tears.
It was a lively evening altogether.

Have you divorced your sp:?
A poor word – from the
Times this morning.
We had Fletcher last week; her
books are the origin of your
story I believe; otherwise she
seemed nice.

V.W.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

May 7 1906

My Violet,

I met the table yesterday. She is a lady to her finger tips; a more splendid man can scarcely be conceived. She is just low high for my chair, so I shall have her sent

out off. But my dear woman— I insist on paying the price.

That is the honest truth. Otherwise I shd. never have asked

for her.

So send me the bill. She stands between my chair, ready to hand all the bills in the Brit. Mus.

Also the little pads for ink pots are out; & she is so steady & discreet, & gives such an air to the room. I send for carpenter apenter to make a ledge.

Send the bill.

H.